

The One Where Steve and Billy Actually Talk by Akayn

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Summary:

Steve and Billy sit down to talk about what happened that night.

1. Let's chat

Author's Note:

This fic is my first and everything is subject to change. Feed back is greatly appreciated, let me know here you want to see this go.

Billy woke up pissed. His skull was pounding and his vision was doubled. He sat up slowly, every muscle screaming. He noticed his bloodied fists and the memories of the past few hours came rushing back. Pulling up to the freaks house, seeing his sister in the window with the Sinclair kid. The blinding anger as he hit steve, the needle and then the bat with nails.

Billy glanced around him, squinting at the light, all the walls were covered in strange drawings, all connecting together and winding their way into the rest of the house. Billy carefully stood up and glanced out the window, not seeing his car his anger came rushing back, and so did the pounding in his head. Sighing he walked to the fridge, maybe the freaks had a beer or something to quell his nerves, and then he'd get the hell out of this creepy house. Yanking the fridge open he yelled in shock as...something fell out. It was large, dark and slimy looking. Billy caught a glimpse of rows upon rows of teeth and promptly took off, ignoring his screaming muscles he bolted out of the house.

ONE MONTH LATER

Steve pulled up to his house after dropping Dustin off, his mom would pick him up after the dance ended. Steve was grateful, as he had a lot of homework to catch up on after the incidents of the past few months. He'd fallen behind due to the stress of it all and his chances of going away for college were looking bleak. He'd probably end up taking a gap year. Rubbing his still sore jaw, Steve stepped out of the car and froze, just now seeing the distinctive camaro of Billy Hargrove parked in his driveway. Steve stood still, preparing himself for another fight as he watched Billy climb out, a cloud of smoke dispersing as he opened the door. Billy tossed his cigarette on the ground, crushing it with his boot as he strutted towards Steve.

Stopping in front of him, Billy smirked. "Harrington, I think it's time

we have a little talk.”

Uncomfortable about being confronted at his home Steve frowned, confused. “About what?”

“I think you know, don’t play stupid. After our little fight, I woke up in that freaks house drugged up. Guess what I found in the fridge? It definitely wasn’t the Byers dead pet dog.”

Steve didn’t know what to say, he didn’t want to involve Billy with the demogorgon and upside-down mess. He didn’t think he would believe him anyways, Steve would have a hard time believing it himself if it wasn’t for the shit he’d seen.

“Fine. We’ll talk, but not out here.” Steve huffed and pushed past Billy and walked towards the house, he heard Billy following behind and instantly put his guard up, after the fight at the Byers he definitely wasn’t going to trust Billy not to land a low blow and throw a punch at his back. Steve walked into his house, holding the door open for Billy as he strutted through, instantly making himself at home by tossing his denim jacket on to the couch.

“Damn, King Steve. You got some nice digs. Where’s your parents?” Billy threw Steve a shit eating grin as he flopped onto the couch, dirty boots and all.

Grimacing, Steve sat down more gracefully in the armchair across from Billy. “They’re gone for the weekend. Now do you want to talk about what you saw or do you wanna chit chat, maybe braid each others hair?”

Billy sat up scowling. “Careful princess, wouldn’t want to have to bruise up your face...again. But yeah, get talking. I wanna know what the fuck that dog thing was and why the hell it was in a refrigerator.” Steve sighed “Before I tell you, I need to know that you’re gonna listen and not just make a joke out of it. I’m gonna tell you some crazy shit and you need to hear all of it.”

Billy relaxed back onto the couch. “Fine Harrington. I’m listening.”

Steve couldn’t believe he was gonna do this, the kids had made a pact that what happened over the past months was to be mentioned to no one. He would definitely catch shit from this, telling Billy of all people was sure to be a disaster. He doubted Billy would believe him,

but maybe he'd seen enough of the demo-dog to at least consider what Steve was gonna tell him.

2. Make it a French Braid

Summary for the Chapter:

No feelings allowed.

Steve told everything, from the death of Barb to just a month ago. How he and the kids had all stopped the world from a horrible end. Billy sat quiet through the entire thing, occasionally smoking a cigarette. Steve couldn't tell if Billy was just humoring him and his quiet act was just a precursor before he jumped up and beat the shit out of Steve again for wasting his time.

By the time Steve finished he was shaking, all the horrible memories were flooding back, his fear during those weeks felt so fresh. But Steve also felt relief, he felt like no one who was involved wanted to bring it up again, so all the fear and the feelings had been steeping in his mind, driving him crazy with stress. Talking to Billy was therapeutic, just having someone listening without shutting him down or trying to tell him it was all okay. The shit that happened was not okay and Steve just wanted to talk about it, not pretend it didn't happen. Now he understood how Nancy felt. Barb deserved recognition, she deserved to be mourned.

When Steve finished, they sat in silence while Billy finished his cigarette, "That's some fucked up shit."

Steve huffed "You're telling me." Steve felt himself visibly relax, he leaned back against the chair and glanced at the clock, they'd been talking for about 2 hours.

Billy stood up, grabbing his jacket. "Thanks for the chat Harrington, but I gotta pick up Max. you can braid my hair next time." Billy winked and walked toward the door.

Steve stood and cleared his throat, "Um, Billy?" Billy stopped, one hand on the door knob. "Thanks for letting me talk, I uh, haven't really gotten it all out there before."

Billy smirked. "Don't get used to it princess. Feelings ain't my thing."

Billy turned the knob and was out the door

Steve frowned, what did he expect? Certainly not for Billy to actually listen the entire time. He expected Billy to freak out a little, start questioning Steve's sanity maybe, but complete acceptance? That was shocking.